

POLLY PEACHUM
ON FIRE,
THE
BEGGARS OPERA
BLOWN UP,
AND

Capt. MACKHEATH Entangled
in his *Bazzle-Strings*.

*Tho' the Cocks are all running, there's not enough Water,
For the Girl is brimful of combustible Matter :
Then play with your Buckets, and work for your Soul,
Or the best Toast in Town will be burnt to a Coal.*

Wherein also are contained,

I. *POLLY's* Description of a *Terrible HAIRY MONSTER*, lately discovered by her and
S--- R---- F-----.

II. A Dialogue between *POLLY* and *PUNCH WILLIAM*, in the *Quaker's* Dialect.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Paul's; and
Sold by the Bookfellers of London and Westminster.
1728. [Price Six-Pence.]

POLLY PEACHUM

ON FIRE

THE

BEGGARS OPERA

BLOWN UP

AND

CHARLES ALACKMAN'S Entanglements
in the Banks of the River

On the 1st of June, 1791, the following scene was acted in the
theatre of the City of London, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.
The play was performed with great success, and was well
received by the audience.

I. POLLY: Introduction of a Terrible HARK!
MONSTER: being discovered by her and
S. R. P.

II. A Dialogue between POLLY and TUNCH
WILLIAM in the Queen's Palace.

LONDON

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[Price Six Pence]



POLLY PEACHUM

ON FIRE,

THE

BEGGARS OPERA

BLOWN UP,

AND

Captain MACKHEATH entan-
gled in his *Bazzle-Strings*.



WHEN POLL first mounted on the
Stage,

But young and fearful to engage,
Her Beauty and Activity

Fir'd others Hearts, whilst her's was free;

'Twas then she cou'd contemn the Beaux,

Return, or burn their *Billet Deaux*;

And tho' by haughtiest Heroes priz'd,

She laugh'd at Love, and tyranniz'd.

A

But

But, ah! what Woes are kept in Store
For Girls in little *Capit*'s power!

The learing God full well did know
She'd fall a Victim to his Bow;

And chose, with penetrating Guile,

To let her live and reign a while,

That by the Lustre of her Eyes

Others might fall to him a Prize:

Thus *Satan* lets the Wicked reign,

That they new Profelites may gain;

But when he gets them in his Clutches,

They suffer more for being his Drudges.

The little Archer inward laugh'd,

(Though he with-held the pointed Shaft)

That Men inspired by Love or Wise,

Unconscious were of his Design;

They view'd her Mein, and saw her Air

Surprising, Beautiful, and Fair.

The Gudgeons by her Charms were caught,

And to the Port of Love were brought,

Where

Where they, in humble Strain, beseech,
 To Anchor at her pleasant Breach;
 And in her Store-house to unlade
 The richest Freight each Merchant had.
 Long Time the too Hard-Hearted POLLY
 Vow'd their Attempts on her were Folly,
 Her Port was such by Nature made
 As that no Mortal could invade;
 And she'd secure the envy'd Coast,
 Left her dear Empire should be lost.
 These were the Words she spoke in Pride,
 But when alone, alas! she cry'd,
 What is a Kingdom and a Throne
 For Mortal to enjoy alone?
 Or what's the most delicious Feast,
 If Friends are not allow'd to taste?
 Misers may roll themselves in Treasure,
 But unemploy'd it yields no Pleasure.
 The Sweets of Life are only great
 When others do participate.

Then MAIDENHEAD! vain Thing! adieu!
 I'll please myself and others too.
 This Resolution scarcely took,
 But, as by Instinct, came a D—,
 And gain'd the Trifle in an Hour,
 Which others courted Years before.
 He took the Minute critical,
 And made a Woman of Miss POLL.
 Pleas'd with the Bliss, she to him swore,
 She'd fetch up what she'd lost before;
 Yet for the Sport she would not range,
 To raise her Appetite by Change,
 'Till that wise Poet JONNY GAY,
 Produc'd the BEGGARS OPERA;
 Which made our spritely POLL the most
 Accomplish'd celebrated Toast.

Like some fair Palace, now she shines,
 Enrich'd with Treasure from the Mines,
 And all contribute lavish Store
 Of Jewels to adorn her more:

Diamonds,

Diamonds, and Pearls, and precious *Stones*
 Are now presented *Two at once*.
 Her happy Stars do now dispense
 Their brightest Rays of Influence,
 And glittering *Phæbus*, with his Rays,
 Conspire with them to make a Blaze;
 Contending Rivals strive who most
 Shall raise the Rev'nue of her Coast,
 And cram her Warehouse with such Store
 As she but tasted of before,
 Till to the Gates the Treasure's laid,
 And all we see is rich Brocade;
 But as the Farmer often finds,
 By sad Experience, subtle Winds,
 When breaking in to Hay or Grain
 That's carry'd in e're dry'd from Rain,
 The Seeds take Fire, and to a Coal
 In little Time consume the Whole.
 Just thus with pretty POLL it far'd,
 For Goods on Goods, without Regard,

Thus

Thus being in small Compass pent,
 With little, much too little Vent,
 The dry promiscuous Mass took Fire,
 And now she burns — Ye Gods, What dire
 Disaster this! to light a Pile
 To burn up half the *British* Isle:
 The Flames are such they fly, they Dart,
 Not to be quench'd by Rules of Art;
 Should *Newsham's* Engines be apply'd
 To play, till silver *Thames* is dry'd,
 Or *Humber*, *Dee*, or *Trent*, or *Stower*,
 How vain wou'd be the liquid Shower?
 This Wild-Fire catching hold of POLL,
 Blow'd up the famous BEGGARS DROLL,
 Burnt up the Scenes, devour'd the Stage,
 And round the Theatre did rage;
 It flew like Lightning, catch'd, and fir'd
 Those that but touch'd it and retir'd,
 For like the Plague, the Heat is such,
 Infection springeth from a Touch.

The

The GAY that flanted up and down,
 And cut a Figure in the Town,
 Feels its Effects, and scarce can crawl
 With Legs that us'd to trip the Mall.
 Pandora, Why did you let loose
 Such Plagues our Beauties to abuse?
 For 'tis observ'd, it rages most
 With the free kind obliging Host.
 Though rougher and more hardened Dames
 Are not exempted from its Flames;
 Nor can the Men of Arms evade
 The Fire, tho' firing is their Trade.
 The Portuguese Grandee, so fam'd,
 Alas, is with the rest inflam'd,
 And swears its both a Shame and Pity,
 That some Projector in the City
 Does not erect an Office, where
 Men may for some Redress repair,
 As when a House consumes in Blaze
 That is Insur'd, strait in the Place

Th' Insurance-Office builds another,
 As Good, or Better, than the other
 So if Men, by Mischance like him,
 Should run the Hazard of a Limb,
 It should be mended, and repair'd,
 As *Tallicotius* Noses rear'd;
 But leaving this to wiser Heads,
 To Great MACKHEATH the Infection spreads,
 And makes such Havock in his Reins,
 As spoils his Dancing in his Chains:
 His manly Gate, his Mien, and Size,
 That us'd to charm the Ladies Eyes,
 Are now no more to be admir'd,
 He drags his Legs like *Jennet* tir'd.
 The Fire thus spreading every Way,
 Burns up the BEGGARS OPERA,
 That till the Winter damps its Fury,
 Adieu, to all the Hurry Scurry.

POLL



POLLY PEACHUM'S

DESCRIPTION

Of a Terrible

Hairy MONSTER,

Lately discover'd by her and Sir R--F--

WHEN full 'tis round, when empty long,
Sometimes an Hole, sometimes
a Slit;

Hairy when old, and bald when young,

Too wide for some, for others fit.

I

B

When

When tickl'd most, it most will weep,

And never condescends to laugh ;

But pouts and swells, is very deep,

Extremely pleasant, but unsafe.

'T has Mouth, Lips, Beard, but has no Eyes,

Nor Teeth, although it often bites ;

All Day it under Cover lies,

And chiefly takes its Prey a Nights.

The more 'tis fed, the more it craves,

Raw Flesh it covets most for Food ;

It's lov'd by Fools, abus'd by Knaves,

Tho' tainted, yet it's held for Good.

The Learn'd, the Wise, the Grave, the Gay,

In its Embraces take Delight ;

Though hid, th' adore it in the Day,

And often kneel to it at Night.

It justly may be fill'd a Well,
At each Spring-Tide it overflows ;
Its Depth no mortal Man can tell ;
That none but he that made it knows.

It lies obscurely in a Clift,
That's fenc'd with Brambles round about ;
Yet every Fool can make a Shift,
Though never so dark, to find it out.

Before it, *Venus* has a Mount ;
Behind it, lies a Common-Shore ;
Yet, it is held of great Account,
And worshipp'd both by Rich and Poor.

When it's best pleas'd it struggles most,
Is many a gallant Soldier's Bane ;
For tho' he makes the homest Thrust,
It always does the Conquest gain.

The stoutest Man that e'er withstood
Its pleasing Power, at last comply'd
To sacrifice his purest Blood,
And then lie panting by its Side.

It causes Quarrels and Debates,
'Twixt Friends, and if it ben't bely'd;
Tho' it often swallows brave Estates,
Yet, it is never satisfy'd.

When young, it must be manag'd well,
(For 'tis by Nature prone to Evil;)
Or else 'twill grow as hot as Hell,
And wicked as the very Devil.

Tho' Charity be ne'er so cold,
Most Men are willing to relieve it;
Altho' when fullest it will hold,
Much more than any one can give it.

If young, altho' its dress'd in Rags,
 'Twill charm us with its curling Locks,
 To run the Risque of greater Plagues,
 Than ever fill'd Pandora's Box.

The Courtier, Countryman, and Cit,
 All stoop to its prevailing Power,
 And love to taste the drinty Bit,
 Altho' the Sauce proves often sour.

Like Owls and Bats, it loves the Night,
 And in a Bottom lives retir'd:
 Nor does it shew one Spark of Light,
 Altho' 'tis very often fir'd.

Its Ultimate in vain we seek,
 For 'tis a dark, tho' pleasant Way;
 That, like the Devil's-Arse-in-Peak,
 Has still some Caves incognita.

Tho'

Tho' many a Man this Path has trod,
 And rang'd from Side to Side about;
 Yet, none that ever went that Road,
 E'er found its utmost Limits out.

Tho' some may new Discoveries make,
 And nearer to its Bounds extend,
 Yet all return the same Way back,
 And never reach the Upper-end.

The mighty Prince that rules a Throne,
 Distinguish'd by the Title, King,
 For all his Pride, had ne'er been known,
 Had it not been for this poor *Thing*.

No L---d M----r's Gown can look more fine,
 Though awful Scarlet 'tis without;
 This with Red Satin's lin'd within,
 And much more nobly furr'd about.

It trades for Silver and for Gold;
 And other rich Commodities;
 Is very often Bought and Sold,
 Yet ne'er mov'd off the Premises.

It tempts us when we see it not,
 And make us flatter, whine, and crave;
 Yet, when the darling Prize we've got,
 The more it yields, the less we have.

Thus most Men covet that which none
 Can either purchase, beg, or steal;
 For tho' we take it for our own,
 Yet those that give it keep it kill.

It yields Delight when e'er its us'd,
 And finds much more than it imparts;
 But when o'er harrafs'd and abus'd,
 For Pleasures past, it often smarts.

Sometimes it burns like *Atlas's Mount*,
 To its own Sorrow, Plague, and Shame:
 Then to revenge the Mischief don't,
 It scorches others with its Flame.

Like a true Gamester, when he's lost,
 It never cares for giving out;
 And always condescends the most,
 When we appear most Stiff and Stout.

It loves to hoard what others spend,
 With a just generous Intent,
 To pay us back at nine Months End,
 With swinging Interest, what we lend.

Could it but for a longer Space,
 Lengthen the Bliss it lets us take;
 Who would not doat on't? But alas!
 The Joy's too exquisite to last.

Two white *Herculean* Pillars prop

The tufted *Gin*, the tempting Snare:

When they divide, then in we pop,

Before we well know where we are.

Then that for this, and tit for tat,

But when the pleasing Minute's flown;

As useless it returns the Bait,

And both look foolish when 'tis done.

It reigns and triumphs over Kings,

And like to *Aesop's* Tongue, we find,

It is the best and worst of Things,

Too Chaste, too Cruel, or too Kind.

Sometimes it proves a useful Friend,

And stops our Ruin; tho' we see,

To one Man's Fortune it does mend,

It brings five Score to Poverty.

It often gapes, but never talks,
 'Tis sometimes Sick, and Sometimes Sound ;
 In publick Streets it daily walks,
 But yet it never touches Ground.

Altho' it knows not how to frown,
 It oft torments the Love-sick Heart ;
 Yet, 'tis the best Physician known,
 To cure the Wounds of Cupid's Dart.

When proudest, it will lowest bend,
 And take most Freedom when it's bound ;
 Though seated at the lower End,
 'Tis always in the Middle found.

Tho't oft deceives, 'tis oft betray'd,
 And ruin'd, tho' it draws us in ;
 It is the last Thing that Heaven made,
 And yet the first that learn'd to Sin.

'Tis

'Tis blind as *Cupid*, or his Bow ;

And where they're merited, denies
Those Favours it does oft bestow
On those that least deserve the Prize.

It's Ends it loves to gain by Stealth,
And highly values Youth and Strength ;
Tho' it can't judge of Wit or Wealth,
'Tis skill'd in *Thickness* and in *Length*.

It's such a strange mysterious Thing,
That tho' I've heard a Thousand speak on't;
The wisest Man, God save the King,
Could never yet tell what to make on't.

Without 'tis rough, some People say,
Others affirm 'tis soft within :
Some think, as very well they may,
It was the Original of Sin.

'Tis that which did alone betray

Old Father *Adam* to his Fall:

It's ———, I know not what to say,

But think it is the *Devil* and all.





A
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Polly and *Punch William*,

In the *Quakers* Dialect.

WILLIAM.



HY weepst thou *Polly*?

Polly. Verily, I have great Troubles upon my Spirit, I was upon the first Day at a Meeting of Friends, and *William Thurston* Spoke, and ever since I have had great Yearning.

Wil. He always speaks in high Mysteries, the Laud hath given to him the fulness of Knowledge.

Polly.

Polly. He speaks of the Seed of the Wicked, and of the Seed of the Righteous, and gave great Honour to the Woman, then did my Heart pant, and my Bowels yearned; Yea, my Inward Parts yearned exceedingly for the Signification of the Words.

Wil. The Laud will in due Time reveal unto thee the Knowledge of these Things; verily, who knows, but the Laud may raise thy poor Friend *William* here to be a *Daniel* unto thee.

Polly. Oh, *William*, I thirst after Knowledge; I groan for Revelations to come.

Wil. Be comforted, *Polly*, what the Laud hath revealed unto me, I will not hide from thee.

Polly. Thank thee kindly.

Wil. There is one Seed in Woman, another in Man, and in this Seed is the Spirit of Life; It is Flesh of thy Flesh, Bone of thy Bone; now when Man and Woman meet together, they so order it, that they make these Seeds meet in the Body of the Woman, and so Man and Woman are begot in the Flesh.

Polly. Hast thou given the Laud the Glory, *William*, for all this Light, by the Practice of these great Truths?

Wil. Yea, verily, and it hath been a very great Satisfaction, both to the outward and inward Man; for Woman is to Man a great Creature Comfort, and so Man is to Woman; the Laud so ordered it in the Beginning of the World, that they should desire one another, and that Man should go in unto the Woman, and beget Sons and Daughters, as *Moses* spoke in sundry places, and not spill their Seed upon the Ground as *Onan*.

Polly.

Polly. I desire thee, according to the full Measure of thy Knowledge, to reveal unto me the Meaning of these Texts, *And he went in unto her, and Adam knew his Wife Eve*, and why the *Laud* slew *Onan* for spilling his Seed; for my Bowels yearned, yea, more after the Interpretation of these Things.

Wil. *Adam* knew his Wife *Eve*, is as much as to say, he had Carnal Copulation with her, and the *Laud* slew *Onan*, because that he had commanded him to raise up Seed to his Brother: But when he went in unto her, he pull'd forth his Instrument of Generation, and let his Seed fall unto the Earth, whereby she was deprived of great Consolation and Comfort of a Child.

Polly. May one Man raise up Seed to another?

Wil. Yea, verily, thou hast said it, for when a Woman is joined unto a Man, and he is not able to perform the Duty of a Yoke-fellow, then may the Woman in an holy Sense, yield up her Body to another, as it were myself, and he shall raise up Seed unto her, lest the *Laud* slay him. (Thus *Thomas Thurston* himself went in unto the Taylor's Wife, and was a Helpmeet unto her, whose Yoke-fellow was defective.)

Polly. Oh, *William*, I dye, I am strangely carry'd forth; Oh, *William*! I dye, I dye, something is departed from me.

Wil. The *Laud* Comfort thee, How dost thou do *Polly*?

Polly. Methought I was in such a sweet Trance—What dost thou think?

Wil. These Fits are usual with Maidens in thy Condition.

Polly. Oh, *William*! again, again, *William*, oh *William*, these are precious Fits of the Spirit.

Wil.

Wil. So thou wouldst say indeed, were the fullness of Knowledge revealed unto thee.

Polly. When shall that be, *William*?

Wil. Just now the Word of the Laud speaketh within me ; and saith, In a short Time, Yea, but a little while, thou shalt become a Mother.

Polly. Is there any Truth in Dreams, Friend *William*?

Wil. Yea, verily, *Joseph* Dream'd, and *Pharoah* Dream'd, and so it came to pass, the Spirit doth often encourage and exhort in Dreams.

Polly. Truly, *William*, I dreamed last Night after thee, and we had spoken together, and the Dream was pleasant, and I awaked in a most heavenly Trance, for I was moved, I was tickled, and I was provoked exceedingly to the Law of the outward Man, I was *wrap'd* in the Sense of fellow-feeling.

Wil. There is nothing like unto it, there is no Exercise wherein our beloved Brothers and Sisters with more Freedom enjoy themselves. Let me kiss thee *Polly*, with the Kisses of my Mouth, for thy Love is better than Wine.

Polly. I take the Laud to Witness that I mean no Profaneness in this.

Wil. Those are Kisses, *Polly*, the Kiss which I give thee is a holy Kiss ; Yea, and now *Polly*, seeing the Laud hath put into our Hands a most tender Mark of his Loving-kindness, a most gracious Opportunity, free from the discovery of all Carnal Eyes, and concealed from the Reproaches of the Ungodly, How say'st thou *Polly*, art thou free to be my Mate in *Rachel* my Helpmate's absence?

Polly. Do as seemeth good in thine Eyes, but doth thy Flesh move thee to carnal Copulation?

Wil. *Polly*, I am free.

Polly.

Polly. Thy Handmaid will lye at thy Feet.

Wil. Nay, but thou shalt lye with me, as we read the holy ones of old lay with the Daughters of Men.

Polly. Surely there can be no Sin in that.

Wil. Fairest of Women, thou art my Beloved, and I am thine, thou shalt enjoy the Comforts of carnal Copulation.

Polly. I am then contented, who can resist the strong Motions of the Flesh, even the strong Motions of the Spirit within me?

Wil. Uncloath thyself, *Polly*, put off the Garment of Unfruitfulness, and put on the Life of Generation; thou wert buried in dead Works before, but now quickned with the Spirit of Life; thou shalt live to Immortality, for thy Seed shalt multiply like the Stars in the Sky.

Polly. But, *William*, I had forgotten one Thing, What will the Wicked say, if we be not joined together according to Law?

Wil. Away with those hireling Pickpockets, those Thieves, Black-Coats, they are a Snare to the Righteous, and they shall be confounded and brought to Shame; thou and I cannot Sin, we are Perfect.

Polly. But should it come to pass, that I shou'd be deliver'd of the Fruits of my Womb, and thou shouldst leave me and reject me, or if thy *Rachel* shou'd know thereof, and shou'd turn me out of Doors, then shou'd I be most Unfortunate, of my beloved Sisters.

Wil. Oh, Woman of little Faith: Dost thou doubt thy holy Brother? Carefully will I provide for my own Flesh and Blood; Yea, the Laud will provide for it, as he did for those of our holy Brothers.

D

Polly.

Polly. Thou art as Wise as *David*, even as an Angel of Heaven discerning Good from Bad, I cannot say thee, Nay, thou hast overcome me.

Wil. Then let's to Bed, my Fair, my Undeiled; Hast thou consider'd well of these Beds, *Polly*? Here Men begin their Lives, and surrender their Lives again; this serveth for Instruction, *Polly*, that we shou'd not waste our precious Time here, but that we shou'd take our fill of these Enjoyments, which are held forth for the Pleasure and Contentment of the Elect.

Polly. Turn away thine Eyes, while I put off my Smock of Defiance, and cloath myself in the Shift of Innocency; oh, my beloved is as a Bundle of Myrrh, he shall lye between my Breasts,

Wil. Let me feel thy Breasts; for they are like two Roses, that are Twins feeding among the Lillies.

Polly. My Brother, my Spouse, How Fair is my Love!

Wil. My Sister, my Spouse, thou hast wounded my Heart, Dost thou feel nothing, *Polly*?

Polly. Yea, I feel something Stiff against my Belly, as it were the Horn of an Unicorn.

Wil. My Undeiled, speak not of an Unicorn, for there is nothing of the Beast between the Sheets; this is that Part of carnal Man that riseth and falls cording to the Spirit within: This is that which enters the Secrets of a Woman, and fills them with the Blessings of Posterity, so that their Memories shall not perish.

Polly. May I not feel too, Oh, *William*! Where are the Chariots of *Israel*, and the Horsemen thereof, for here are two of the great Wheels?

Wil. Now in the Fear of Heaven will I take up thy lower Linnen, for Time calls me to feel thy Belly and the Secrets.

Polly.

Polly. Thou seest I am free, yea, very free, do unto thy Handmaid as seemeth good in thine Eyes.

Wil. How beautiful is my beloved !

Polly. What hast thou found there, *William* ?

Wil. Thy Belly, and thy Secret Parts of Generation ; thy Belly is like a Field of Wheat set about with Lillies, and thy Navel is as a round Cup that wanteth not Liquor ; embrace me, *Polly*, embrace me in thy Arms.

Polly. I will, I do, *William*, I will embrace thee, thou shalt lye between my Breasts.

Wil. Yea, I will lie betwixt thy Thighs ; give way to thy beloved, spread one Thigh towards the North, and the other to the South, I will exalt my Horn, I will enter with Courage and Resolution, and beat down *Satan* before me.

Polly. Oh, *William*, I have seen many go out of this World, but never knew how they came into this World before ; Oh, *William*, thou hast filled me with the Spirit of Life, and with the Dew of Knowledge.

Wil. The Laud Sanctify it unto thee.

Polly. Thou hast tried my Reins and searched my Kidneys, and thou hast found the Reality of my Affection, and the Sincerity of my Love.

Wil. The Laud's Name be praised, who hath enabled me this Night to carry on this great Work of Multiplication.

Polly. Thou hast fought a good Fight, thou hast laboured in the Sweat of thy Brows, and I have received great Pleasure in the Embraces of my Well-beloved.

Wil. Ah, *Polly*, to Increase and Multiply, is to do the Work of the Laud, to perform is one of the chiefest Commands, Cursed is he that doeth the Work of the Laud negligently.

Polly. Thou hast been a true and faithful Servant, thou hast expended thy Talent with Advantage.

Wil. It is now Time for me to rise, rest thou thyself a while, yea, but a little while, and I shall return: I will go and provide something of the Creature to Comfort and Replenish the Evacuation of the outward Man.

Polly. Since thy Departure I slumber'd, and I saw a Vision, and methought thou didst unto me as thou didst before on the Bed-side.

Wil. Yea, it will not be amiss, I will make haste and satisfy the Desires of my Well-beloved.

Polly. Do Women use to die in these sweet Trances?

Wil. Nay, verily, but they still revive through the Passion of the Power of Life, which is infus'd into them.

Polly. Yet methinks I feel myself something faint.

Wil. Yea, but I will drink, and thou shalt drink, and be refresh'd; here's a Cup of *Tent* and a new laid Egg; these Things have we learned from the Wicked, the Children of these Days are wiser than the Children of old.

Polly. I am recovered; When will the Spirit move thee again, *William*?

Wil. I will seek the Laud, and he will give us many Opportunities; but *Polly*, take great Care of thyself, and me thy Friend; be sure thou publish it not in the Streets of *Ascalon*, least the Uncircumcised triumph over us.

Polly. I will be as tender as the Apple of mine Eye.

Wil. Ah, *Polly*, (Secrecy is a great Mark of a Child of Light.) I knew a Friend, a young Man, a Taylor, that went in unto a Harlot in one of the Tents of *Sodom*, one of the Bawdy-Houses of the Wicked,

Wicked, and was discovered, and became a great Scandal to the *Saints* because it was known; but we will be as subtle as Serpents, so shall we be accounted Innocent as Doves.

Polly. Thy Words are like Apples of Gold; Give me one more Cup, and one more Egg, and in the strength thereof I will go, and prepare a Fire, to set on the Creature Comfort against the twelfth Hour.

F I N I S.

